

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States

COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA

MEMORIAL MEETING

FEBRUARY 13 1907

1907

Brevet Lieut.-Colonel John P. Nicholson
Recorder, Compiler

Commandery of the State of Pennsylvania

FEBRUARY 13, 1907

ABRAHAM LINCOLN PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

MARCH 4, 1861, TO APRIL 15, 1865

Born February 12, 1809, in Hardin (La Rue) Co., Kentucky

Assassinated April 14, 1865; died April 15, 1865, at Washington, D. C.

Enrolled by Special Resolution April 16, 1865

"The Education of Abraham Lincoln"

COMPANION JAMES A. WORDEN, D. D.

"With Lincoln to Gettysburg, 1863"

COMPANION HENRY C. COCHRANE

"Lincoln under Fire"

COMPANION J. P. S. GOBIN

"When and Where I Saw Lincoln"

COMPANION O. C. BOSBYSELL

"Lincoln in Parable"

COMPANION JAMES W. LATTA

"With Malice toward None; with Charity for All"

COMPANION M. VEALE

"Lincoln and the People"

COMMANDER JAMES A. BEAVER

"But without foreign intervention, and as long as Abraham Lincoln held the reins of power at the North, the Confederacy would have gone on losing ground; and time at last, coupled with an empty treasury, would have brought the inevitable result. Against the great military genius of certain of the Southern leaders Fate opposed the unbroken resolution and passionate devotion to the Union, which he worshipped, of the great Northern President. As long as he lived, and ruled the people of the North, there could be no turning back. The preservation of the Union was a sacred charge committed to his care, and though he yielded up his life before the surrender of all the Confederate forces in the field, yet he had lived long enough to see his work crowned with abiding success. He knew that the end had come with the surrender of Lee and his army. The Union was restored, the future of the United States assured, and in that knowledge he passed to his rest."

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THE EDUCATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

What were the forces which elevated Abraham Lincoln into his unique position in history and the hearts of men? What drew forth (educated) in him a sagacity and statesmanship which finally, under God, solved the problem of our Nation's slavery or freedom? Whence came that influence which Lincoln wielded which welded as the heart of one man the loyal North in its struggle for union and liberty? What processes of life evolved that enduring strength of will which bore this nation through our Civil War? What made him the mightiest among the lowly, and the lowliest among the mighty, and the incarnation of unselfish devotion to country? What gave him that transcendent character which made Abraham Lincoln

"Greatest yet with least pretense
Foremost leader of his time,
Rich in saving common sense
And as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime."

What university did the Educator of the Universe choose for the training of His elect son? Not a Harvard or a Princeton nor a Yale, not even a Miami or a Hanover or a Wabash. Not any literary centre, classic shade, academic grove or guarded cloister with its scientific culture or philosophic thought. Sometimes,

"God's school is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And of all things on earth
Least like what men agree to praise."

"There is a Divinity which shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will."

This divinity selected rough experiences in which to shape the soul of Abraham Lincoln.

The first school in which we may say his infancy was rocked, all his primary instructions received, was the log cabin of *Poverty*. The Saviour of the world was born in a lowly condition. How Bethlehem's cave mocks all the nurseries of imperial Rome! So the saviour of our country. Better though harder than riches poverty wrought into Lincoln's vitality virtues untold—courage to face and to bear scanty living—sympathy with the poor and the suffering, who constitute the majority of mankind. Poverty made Lincoln the foe of oppression and the deliverer of the oppressed.

This divinity chose as the secondary school *frontier life in the West*.

Being a western man I have observed and almost experienced how rough its hewings were. They were far unlike the picturesque slang descriptions of Bret Hart *et id omne genus*. The reality included the first removes from the primitive savagery of the neighborhood of Indians, impenetrable forests, impassable swamps, bridgeless creeks and rivers, roadless trails and thickets.

JAMES AVERY WORDEN.

Private 74th Ohio Infantry October 14, 1861; Sergeant December 30, 1861; First Sergeant November 17, 1862; discharged to accept promotion February 24, 1863.

Second Lieutenant 74th Ohio Infantry February 25, 1863; resigned and honorably discharged May 21, 1863.

These were the outward symbols of life hardened and toughened in the pioneers of the Northwest. These environments, rough hew them as they would, were shaped by the divinity into the boy Lincoln's self-control, power to endure, fortitude, independence, modest manliness, and made him as a youth long jawed, strong clawed and sufficiently thick skinned to meet the thorns and briers of life.

Lincoln was early promoted into the High School of *Work*. For years and years he labored with his hands to help support himself and his home folks. Does it not unavoidably recall how the Divine Man of Nazareth toiled to support his blessed mother Mary? Form a mental picture of the favorite scholar of the divinity. It will be a plain realistic photograph of a Kentucky farmer boy, dissolving into that of the woodchopper, the railsplitter of the woods of Indiana and Illinois. There has recently been discovered a remarkable saying of the Christ, not contained in the New Testament. The Saviour says:

"Raise the stone and thou shalt find me,
Cleave the wood and there I am."

Lincoln found God and greatness in honest work.

All these years, however, like another still greater one, Lincoln enjoyed a love, a care, a companionship which in itself was better than a so-called liberal education. Americans will forever honor the memory of Lincoln's noble, lovely mother, and that of his second mother, less lovely perhaps, but equally faithful.

Time would fail us to examine Lincoln's library, chiefly remarkable for its fewness of books. Even this had the educational value of compelling him to do his own thinking, instead of being surfeited with the thoughts of other men.

We must now pay our highest tribute to that noble profession which literally and liberally trained our great War President. Lincoln faithfully studied and practiced *Law*. What higher, better discipline can be found for the human spirit?

We would utterly fail to appreciate Lincoln's intellectual abilities were we not to realize that within the limitations of his state he was a great lawyer.

Then came the training of politics. Lincoln knew nothing of that Pharisaic contempt so often affected by the kid glove dilettante of to-day for political activity. He threw himself with true whole heart into the political conflicts of his county and his state. For many years he labored as a legislator of Illinois. For two years he served as a member of Congress at Washington.

Then came the crowded hours of the glorious strife of the Debate of 1858, with Senator Stephen A. Douglas, in which a candid, impartial world gave the first prize to Abraham Lincoln.

As that debate closed and as the great Convention at Chicago nominated him for President, as his fellow citizens elected him, that same divinity which had shaped his ends from the beginning placed in his hands the diploma of the University of Life, and Providence sent forth Abraham Lincoln, the best educated, the best equipped man for the best mission—the preventing of the government by the people, of the people, and for the people from perishing from off the face of the earth.

WITH LINCOLN TO GETTYSBURG, 1863.

I was a Lieutenant of Marines stationed at the Headquarters of the Marine Corps in Washington in November, 1863, when I received an order to accompany the Marine Band to Gettysburg to take part in the ceremonies attending the dedication of the National Cemetery at that place. Accordingly, on the morning of the 18th of November, we proceeded to the old Baltimore & Ohio railroad depot, near the Capitol, and there found a special train of cars waiting to receive President Lincoln and his party. The locomotive was decorated with flags and streamers and presented a gala appearance. Among the party were the French Minister, M. Mercier, and Admiral Renaud, of the French Navy; the Italian Minister, Chevalier Bertinatti, and his Secretary of Legation, Signor Cora, the Chevalier Isola and Lieutenant Martinez, of the Italian Navy; Mr. McDougall, of the Canadian Ministry; Secretary of State Wm. H. Seward, Postmaster-General Montgomery Blair, Secretary of the Interior Judge John P. Usher, private secretaries John S. Nicolay and John Hay, Provost Marshal General James B. Fry, Colonel Geo. W. Burton, Captain Alan Ramsay, U. S. M. C., and an escort from the First Regiment of the Invalid Corps.

The last car was a kind of president's or director's car with about one-third of the rear partitioned off into a room with the seats around it, and in this room I found myself seated vis-a-vis to the President. The rest of the car was furnished in the usual manner. I happened to have bought a New York *Herald* before leaving and, observing that Mr. Lincoln was without a paper, offered it to him. He took it and thanked me, saying "I like to see what they say about us," meaning himself and the generals in the field. The news that morning was not particularly exciting, being about Burnside at Knoxville, Sherman at Chattanooga, and Meade on the Rapidan, all, however, expecting trouble. He read for a little while and then began to laugh at some wild guesses of the paper about pending movements. He laughed very heartily and it was pleasant to see his sad face lighted up. He was looking very badly at that particular time, being sallow, sunken-eyed, thin, care-worn and very quiet. After a while he returned the paper and began to talk, remarking among other things that when he had first passed over that road on his way to Congress in 1847 he noticed square-rigged vessels up the Patapsco river as far as the Relay House, and now there seemed to be only small craft.

Secretary Seward, who was in charge of the party, began to get uneasy as we approached Baltimore, for it was the first time that Mr. Lincoln had been north of Washington since he had gone there in the night of February 22, 1861, two years and nine months previously. There was something of the same fear of attack or assassination which had prevailed upon that occasion, for Baltimore was still the home of many sympathizers with rebellion. Upon reaching

HENRY CLAY COCHRANE.

Acting Master's Mate U. S. Navy September 7, 1861; resigned and honorably discharged May 20, 1863.

Second Lieutenant U. S. Marine Corps March 10, 1863; First Lieutenant August 20, 1865; Captain March 16, 1879; Major February 1, 1898; Lieut.-Colonel March 3, 1899; Colonel January 11, 1900; Brig.-General March 10, 1905; retired March 10, 1905.

the western edge of the city the locomotive was detached and the cars were dragged by tandem teams of horses to Calvert Street Station, where we took the Northern Central Railroad. In passing through the streets all was quiet, and at the station less than two hundred people were assembled, among them some women with children in arms. They called for the President and Mr. Seward came into the car, and he agreed to go out when the train was about ready to start. This he did and took two or three of the babies up and kissed them, which greatly pleased their mothers. At Baltimore General Schenck, who then commanded that district, and his staff joined us, and soon after the President went forward in the car and seated himself with a party of choice spirits, among whom was Mayor Frederick W. Lincoln of Boston, not a kinsman. They told stories for an hour or so, Mr. Lincoln taking his turn and enjoying it very much. Then, when approaching Hanover Junction, he arose and said: "Gentlemen, this is all very pleasant, but the people will expect me to say something to them to-morrow, and I must give the matter some thought." He then returned to the rear room of the car. I mention this circumstance particularly because of the different versions given by his many biographers of the history of the preparation of his famous address delivered the next day. By some, you may remember, it is claimed that he wrote it on the train upon a piece of wrapping paper, by another upon a piece of paste-board, by another that it was written in Gettysburg on a yellow government envelope, by another that it was written in the house of David Wills, with writing materials which he asked to have sent to his room after retiring, and by others that it was done in Washington. My own belief is that the first nineteen lines were written in Washington and the remainder on the train and in Gettysburg. Lincoln said to Noah Brooks, one of his historians, before leaving Washington, "My speech is all blocked out. It is very short." The first sheet of the manuscript bore the heading "Executive Mansion," and those nineteen lines written upon it were never materially changed, the rest bore evidence of having been written and re-written many times, and was even changed in the delivery upon the platform. The version sent by the Associated Press and published in the papers of the 20th of November seems to me to be much better than that which he subsequently revised in thirteen different respects.

At Hanover Junction, 46 miles from Baltimore, we were to meet a special train which left Harrisburg at 1.30 P. M., containing Governors Curtin of Pennsylvania, Seymour of New York, Tod of Ohio, Governor-elect Brough and Ex-Governor Dennison of Ohio, Governor Boreman and Ex-Governor Pierpont of West Virginia, Simon Cameron, Clement C. Barclay, Generals Doubleday, Stoneman and Stahl and others, but it was detained by an accident and we continued on to Gettysburg, where we arrived about sundown and were surprised to find some of the wounded of the battle still in hospital. The President became the guest of Mr. David Wills, Mr. Seward went to Mr. Harper's, and General Fry, Colonel Burton, Captain Ramsay and I went to one of the hotels. Gettysburg was crowded and it was said that hundreds slept on the floors. That night the President, Mr. Seward and Colonel John W. Forney were serenaded by the 5th N. Y. Artillery Band, and a reception was held at Mr. Wills'. About 11 o'clock the train with the belated governors arrived.

Next morning we were up early to find a beautiful Indian summer day.

The town was all agog and people pouring in from the surrounding country. Before ten we were in the saddle and assembled at the public square for the grand military and civic procession. Mr. Lincoln was mounted upon a young and beautiful chestnut bay horse, the largest in the Cumberland Valley, and his towering figure surmounted by a high silk hat made the rest of us look small. Mr. Seward and Mr. Blair rode upon his right and Judge Usher and Marshal Lamon on his left. In the next rank there were six horses ridden by General Fry, Colonel Burton, John G. Nicolay, John Hay, Captain Ramsay and myself. Of those eleven I believe that I am the only survivor. I had a mischievous brute and it required much attention to keep him from getting out of line to browse on the tail of the President's horse. The streets, sidewalks, steps, windows and doors were crowded with eager-eyed spectators, and flags, many of them at half-mast, were everywhere. The procession started with Major-General D. N. Couch at the head of the military, about 1,200 men, of whom the 5th N. Y. Heavy Artillery were the chief part. Next came the Presidential party, then the Hon. Edward Everett, orator of the day, and the chaplain, Rev. Dr. Thomas H. Stockton, of Washington. The President rode very easily, bowing occasionally to right or left, but it soon became evident that Mr. Seward was not much of a rider. As he went along his trousers gradually worked up, revealing the tops of his home-made gray socks, of which he was entirely unconscious.

We passed along Baltimore Street to the Emmitsburg Road, minute guns being fired, then by way of the Taneytown Road to the cemetery, where the military formed in line to salute the President at about eleven o'clock. The stand which had been erected was not very large and was soon well filled. Mr. Lincoln sat between Mr. Seward and Mr. Everett, and I was given a seat about six or seven feet distant from them. The military arranged themselves mainly upon the left of the stand, the civilian element in front, and the ladies on the right. There was a vast assemblage of people, estimated at 10,000, men, women and children, many of whom were of course out of the range of hearing, and many of whom were unavoidably tramping on the newly-made graves. When the President appeared on the stand nearly every hat in the throng was removed.

By this time Governor Coburn of Maine, Governor Parker of New Jersey, Governor Bradford of Maryland, and Governor Morton of Indiana had joined the dignitaries, and several flags and banners suitably draped were brought upon the stand. The scene presented that fine morning was one of great grandeur. A full view of the battlefield, with the Blue Mountains in the distance, was spread out before us, and all about were traces of the fierce conflict. Rifle pits, cut and scarred trees, broken fences, pieces of artillery wagons and harness, scraps of blue and gray clothing, bent canteens, abandoned knapsacks, belts, cartridge boxes, shoes and caps, were still to be seen on nearly every side—a great showing for relic hunters.

After the performance of a funeral dirge by the band, an eloquent though rather long prayer was delivered by the Chaplain of the U. S. Senate, Dr. Stockton. This was followed by music by the Marine Band and then Mr. Everett delivered the oration. It was an exceedingly long production, beginning with the custom of the ancient Greeks of burying their dead heroes with public ceremony, continuing with a full history of the campaign of which

Gettysburg was the culmination, giving a picture of the result had the battle been a failure; a statement that the Rebellion had been planned for thirty years before it came to pass,* and an essay upon national affairs, which consumed two full hours. Notwithstanding the fame of the speaker the audience became tired and impatient. Mr. Everett apparently regarded the occasion as one of the most notable of his life, and had written and rehearsed every word of that long address. His periods were polished, his diction graceful, and his language classical, but his great effort is forgotten.

The Baltimore Glee Club then sang an ode written for the occasion by Commissioner B. B. French, of Washington, and Lincoln arose. He was dressed as usual in a black frock coat with turned down shirt collar, and held in his hand only two or three sheets of paper. He began in a slow, solemn and deliberate manner, emphasizing nearly every word, and in two minutes sat down. To the surprise of his auditors the address which has become of world renown was finished. Its full import was not comprehended and it was received with faint applause. Lincoln thought that he had scored a failure, and it was not for weeks afterward that it began to dawn upon the minds of his countrymen that in his simple wisdom and eloquence something had been said which would live forever.

Another dirge and the benediction by the Rev. Dr. H. L. Baugher succeeded, and then, at 2 P. M., the assemblage was dismissed. The program had been carried out successfully, and the first event of the kind probably since those held by the great race of men who originated free government was accomplished. That afternoon Lincoln walked arm in arm to the Presbyterian Church with John Burns, the heroic old man of Gettysburg, who figured in the three days' fight, and that evening we left on the return trip to Washington.

*Dr. D. Hayes Agnew has told me since this was written that he saw during the war in the residence of Barnwell Rhett, of Beaufort, S. C., the minutes of a society of prominent Southern men which had been in existence for thirty years, and which had for its object the disruption of the Federal Union.

LINCOLN UNDER FIRE.

General Jubal Early in his account of his operations in front of Washington, D. C., on the 11th and 12th of July, 1864, says that on the afternoon of the 11th he rode ahead of the infantry and arrived in front of Fort Stevens, on the Seventh St. Pike, a short time after noon, when he discovered that the works were but feebly manned. He ordered Rhodes's Division into line as rapidly as possible, instructing him to throw out skirmishers and move into the works quickly. That before Rhodes's Division could be brought up he saw a cloud of dust in the rear of the works towards Washington, and soon a column of the enemy filed into them on the right and left. Skirmishers were thrown out in front, and an artillery fire opened on them from a number of batteries. "This defeated our hopes of getting possession of the works by surprise, and it became necessary to reconnoiter. This reconnoissance consumed the balance of the day."

He further states that after a conference he determined to make an assault on the works at daylight the next morning. During the night he received a dispatch from General Bradley Johnson that two corps had arrived from General Grant's army. As soon as it was light enough to see, he rode to the front and found the parapet lined with troops.

This, with its explanations as to why he was not more successful in capturing Washington, is his report of that most important engagement. Not altogether accurate as to details, it is the entire account of an engagement that might have been exceedingly serious in the prosecution of the war, and which brought Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, under the actual fire of the enemy in their attack upon Fort Stevens, July 12th, 1864.

Fort Stevens was an earthwork in a line of fortifications built for the defense of Washington. It was a strong earthwork, and apparently easily protected. The guns were mounted en-barbette and were all of heavy calibre.

The 19th Army Corps, after its return from the Red River expedition, encamped around New Orleans, and was refitted and reorganized, as was generally supposed, for a campaign against Mobile, Ala. On July 4th orders were received to embark on board transports at once, and one vessel after another sailed down the Mississippi with sealed orders to be opened when outside the bar. The steamer McClellan, with the only Pennsylvania regiment (47th Penna. Infantry) in the Corps, started July 5th and proceeded on its way, confident that the destination was Mobile Bay. Upon orders being opened the consternation was great when it was discovered we were bound for the Army of the Potomac.

JOHN PETER SHINDEL GOBIN.

First Lieutenant 11th Penna. Infantry April 23, 1861; honorably discharged July 31, 1861.

Captain 47th Penna. Infantry September 2, 1861; Major August 20, 1864; Lieut.-Colonel November 4, 1864; Colonel January 3, 1865; honorably mustered out December 25, 1865.

Brevetted Brig.-General U. S. Volunteers March 13, 1865, "for faithful and meritorious services during the war."

Brig.-General U. S. Volunteers June 9, 1898; honorably discharged February 28, 1899.

Pleasant weather attended the voyage, and we entered Hampton Roads, Va., on the afternoon of the 11th. Before dropping anchor, orders were received to proceed to Washington. No news of any kind was gathered, and we moved on, reaching Washington some time in the morning of the 12th.

We landed at the Navy Yard, were met by an officer with instructions to move out at once, leaving a detail to look after baggage and horses. Up the avenue and out Seventh St. we at once proceeded, and at intervals were met by handsomely uniformed officers, who urged us to hurry up double quick.

Officers and men moving along discussed the cause of all this, but with no intimation of trouble or information or instructions of what was needed until we heard the sound of artillery and later of musketry.

There appeared to be no unusual commotion in Washington—few people on the streets—nothing to indicate the presence of an enemy, until the sound of firing was heard. The day was very hot, the column marched along until Fort Stevens was reached, when, to the great surprise of every one, it was evident that a fight was going on at the front. We halted, and then began the inquiry, "What's up? Are those Johnnies? Where's Grant?"

While waiting, an officer approached and inquired what command it was. He was told, and was asked for information as to what was going on in front. He replied, you will find out, and then remarked, "Old Abe's in the Fort." This was so startling, as it was repeated from file to file, that everybody made a rush to get near enough to see him. There was no mistaking him. His tall figure and high hat made him prominent, and I think every man of the regiment had a look at him.

Our Corps badge resembled that of the 5th Corps, and to many inquiries, "Do you belong to the 5th Corps?" the answer was, "No, to the 19th." Considerable curiosity was evinced to know where the 19th Corps was from, and great surprise was expressed as to how we had gotten there from New Orleans, as it was stated, just in time.

In the meantime, numerous officers had been circulating around, various orders had been received, but nobody seemed to know what to do with us, and the regiment stood awaiting definite instructions.

At last it came, to move out to the left and deploy, move forward and connect with Bidwell's Brigade. As we came into line and moved out, a young staff officer rode down the line, shouting, "You are going into action under the eye of the President! He wants to see how you can fight." The answer was a shout and a rush. We met with but little opposition. A sparse picket line of dismounted cavalry got out of the way readily, other regiments came in on our left. We did not meet Bidwell's Brigade, but passed over their battle ground, until, after nightfall, we passed over some of the ground they had fought over, and recognized the red cross of the 1st Division, 6th Corps, as being the fighters. They had evidently been on the extreme left of the line in action. We bivouacked that night near the remains of a burnt house which was said to be Montgomery Blair's.

The fighting was virtually over before we arrived, but the camp was full of stories during the night as to what had occurred at Fort Stevens while the President was there. Evidently that fort was within the range of the artillery and the skirmishers of the Rebel Army, and it was rumored that General H. G.

Wright had positively ordered the President to get out of the range of danger after an officer had been shot by his side.

Mr. Chittenden, Register of the Treasury, in his account of it says that when he reached the Fort, he found the President, Secretary Stanton and other civilians. A young colonel of artillery, who appeared to be the officer of the day, was in great distress because the President would expose himself and paid little attention to his warnings. He was satisfied the Confederates had recognized him, for they were firing at him very hotly, and a soldier near him had just fallen with a broken thigh. He asked my advice, says Chittenden, for he said the President was in great danger. After some consultation the young officer walked to where the President was looking over the edge of the parapet and said, "Mr. President, you are standing within range of 500 Rebel rifles. Please come down to a safer place. If you do not, it will be my duty to call a file of men and make you."

"And you would do quite right, my boy," said the President, coming down at once, "you are in command of this fort. I should be the last man to set an example of disobedience." He was shown to a place where the view was less extended, but where there was almost no exposure. As Mr. Chittenden was present and speaks from personal knowledge, I assume this to be a correct statement.

I have recently seen a publication in which an officer, claiming to be on the staff of General Upton, describes the President as having halted at the side of the road, and with having been struck by a stray bullet. No mention of it is made in any of the accounts hitherto published of his presence. Certain it is, he was in the Fort and not in the road when we reached there. There were no other troops except those in the trenches and in the Fort at that time, and my recollection is that it must have been after dinner, the fight well over. As, although we went in immediately and rapidly, we had no serious casualties. Our Brig.-General came to us, as he said, as soon as he could get a horse, and halted us for the night.

One incident of the day was an exceedingly sad one to me. When the Mason & Slidell excitement occurred, General John M. Brannon commanded a brigade in Smith's Division, Army of the Potomac. That brigade consisted of the 47th Pennsylvania Infantry, 49th New York Infantry, 33d New York Infantry and the 7th Maine Infantry. Brannon was ordered to the islands in the Gulf of Mexico, and took the 47th Pennsylvania with him. The 33d New York was a two year regiment, and had been mustered out. Other regiments were added, and this now constituted Bidwell's Brigade of the 1st Division, 6th Corps. Learning that night that two regiments of old friends we near us, we hunted them up, only to find that Major Jones, of the 7th Maine, an officer whom we knew very well, had been killed and his body was at that time lying at the Silver Spring.

The synopsis is that President Lincoln was certainly under fire for some time at the attack on Fort Stevens, July 12, 1864, and in serious danger.

WHEN AND WHERE I SAW LINCOLN.

I was always interested in politics, long before I was a voter. My immediate surroundings and influences were strongly "native American." My initial presidential vote was cast in the Fall of '60, and it is very certain that I was deeply interested months before in the campaign. To have followed the leaning of those whose opinions I treasured, would have carried me into the ranks of the Bell and Everett Party, but as a young man with eyes wide open, watching the current of events, and with ears absorbing the new views sweeping over the country, I read and studied Mr. Lincoln's great speech delivered to young men in the Cooper Institute, New York City. That speech settled my views, and I became an ardent "wide awake," marching and shouting, night after night, through the valleys and over the hills and mountains of Schuylkill Co., Penna., whooping it up with all my might, with the banner of the irresistible Lincoln at the fore. That was a campaign, more like the war following it, than any of its successors, as broken heads, skinned faces and shins and bruised bodies from assaults of sticks and stones hurled by the enemy fully attested. Having carried the "wide awake" lamp through many dangers to elevate Lincoln to the Presidency, what more logical conclusion than at the first call of this great man for volunteers to resist an attempt to overthrow the Government, I should exchange my lamp for a musket and assist in the maintenance of the Government. What a stir that first call for 75,000 men made through the Nation! It reverberated amidst the mountains of my old home and before its echoes died away, over two hundred men were marching through the streets of Pottsville in response, and as many more answered from Berks, Union and Lehigh. Mustered into the United States Service as volunteer soldiers of the Republic, at the Northern Central Railway Station in Harrisburg, on the morning of the 18th of April, 1861, 530 Pennsylvanians boarded cattle cars, hastily fitted up with rough board seats, and the journey to Washington began. It is needless to recite the thrilling march through the streets of Baltimore, where disloyal crowds heaped insults upon the heads of these men and hurled sticks and stones into their ranks. Suffice it to say, as the "shades of night were falling," these First Defenders arrived at the Capital. Under cover of the darkness, no doubt purposely intended, as the journey had been needlessly delayed, the men detrained and marched into the Capitol Building, where all were quartered. These Pennsylvanians arrived in the nick of time to frustrate designs about to be carried out that very night, in the seizure by those disloyal of many of the public buildings and government offices. Our own John W. Forney spread the news of this arrival through the corridors of Willard's Hotel, and being anxious to make the most of it added an additional naught to the sum, saying 5,000 Pennsylvania soldiers had arrived, when 500 was the figure, but the mantle of night had shielded the

OLIVER CHRISTIAN BOSBYSHELL.

Private Washington Artillery (Co. H, 25th Penna. Infantry) April 18, 1861; honorably discharged July 29, 1861.

Second Lieutenant 48th Penna. Infantry October 1, 1861; First Lieutenant May 5, 1862; Captain June 2, 1862; Major June 10, 1864; honorably mustered out October 1, 1864.

arrival, so that numbers could not be known. The good old Washington Artillerists were quartered in the rooms from which the ladies' gallery of the Senate chamber was entered, and here, that same evening, April 18th, 1861, came President Abraham Lincoln, to thank the men for their prompt response to the call for troops. Imagine the scene, Companions—here were a lot of sturdy young fellows, suddenly called upon to don the uniform of soldiers, many of whom had never been out of sight of the mountains of their state, spread out upon the hard marble floors of the Capitol of the Nation, in an effort to secure some rest from the fatiguing journey just completed, when every man is brought to his feet by the announcement of the presence of the one man in the United States each one most desired to see—the honored Chief-tain of the Nation, Abraham Lincoln. Profound silence for a moment resulted, broken by the hand clapping and cheers of the tired volunteers. Yes, here, towering over all in the room, was the great central figure of the war. I remember how I was impressed by the kindliness of his face and awkward hanging of his arms and legs, his apparent bashfulness in the presence of these first soldiers of the Republic, and with it all a grave, rather mournful bearing in his attitude. Accompanying the President, in fact his guide and inspirer of the visit, was our own State's great citizen, Simon Cameron, Secretary of War. He was highly elated and proud to introduce Mr. Lincoln to the soldier boys of his own Commonwealth, who had outstripped all others in reaching the Capital. The President's words were few, but earnest and impressive; he welcomed them most heartily and expressed his great relief and satisfaction at their presence. He then passed along the ranks shaking the hand of each and every one of the men, retiring quietly to visit others of the command. A kind of awe seemed to come over the boys, and many for the first time realized the peril brought upon the Nation—the close contact with the man at the helm was more than the satisfaction of personal curiosity, it was a kind of baptism of responsibilities, heretofore unheeded, a revelation of a state of profound seriousness in the solving of which each one listening to the great leader's words, felt personally called upon to do his best. The man's presence, his simple charming manner, his plain earnest words, in fact his whole attitude, took away all feeling of a three months' picnic and stamped the movement with a gravity befitting the beginning of a great strife.

The sanguinary battle of Antietam had been fought, and the 9th Army Corps was encamped about the Antietam Iron Works, near the junction of the creek with the Potomac River. The President of the United States was to review McClellan's Command, and great were the preparations therefor. The President desired to visit each camp and it was noised about that he was coming. I remember well that ride through our camp—we were alongside of the 4th U. S. Battery, and here between the two camps came a long array of mounted officers and orderlies, conspicuous amidst which was the long, lank form of Mr. Lincoln, clad in sombre black, a tall beaver hat, with a broad band of crepe around it, covering his head. It was queried then, and we never found out why, that the President should have been given so small a horse to ride, his legs almost touched the ground, and riding beside so majestic a figure as General Burnside and other officers of high rank, our worthy President did not present a very dignified appearance. It is no wonder that a red headed

Irishman of the 4th U. S. Artillery, hastily summoned from his tent on the announcement of the approach of the President, should have given vent to his disgust, when he saw this uncouth figure ambling along on the diminutive beast, by the utterance of two words unfit to write, and drop back into his shelter. Eighteen months of care and worry had left its impress upon the good man's countenance. There was no mirthful twinkle in the eye and heavy lines marked the wasted features of his face. The ride and all he saw may have been interesting to Mr. Lincoln, but no outward sign was visible in the look we had of him as he passed slowly on.

In the Spring of 1864, the 9th Army Corps rendezvoused at Annapolis, Md., where a reorganization took place by reason of the veteranizing of the regiments in the command. The time came for its return to the Army of the Potomac, and on the 24th of April, 1864, the march to Washington began.

The Corps had four divisions, a division of eight large regiments of colored troops having been added to it during its recruiting stay at Annapolis, so the movement of so great a body of troops, the commands fully recruited to their maximum strength, attracted much attention around Washington, and its passage through the city was to be an event of no small importance. It became known that the President himself would review the Corps as it passed through. This caused the men to burnish up their arms and accoutrements and give themselves as fine an appearance as possible. The long and tiresome march through the city on the 25th of April tested the endurance of the command to the uttermost, and many a pair of sore feet resulted therefrom. We entered the city at New York Avenue and thence on to Fourteenth Street, adown which we wended our way over the Long Bridge into Virginia once more. On a portico on the second story of the Fourteenth Street side of the old Willard Hotel stood President Lincoln beside Major-General Burnside, the idol of the 9th Corps. I shall never forget the appearance of the President, he was much changed—three years of war had left its trace across his face. He was, if possible, thinner than ever, and stood a gaunt figure, whose raiment of black hung loosely about his bony shoulders and arms, whilst his countenance was shrunken and pale as death itself. His eyes were lustreless, and whilst apparently observing the moving troops below, they seemed not to see. It looked as though a corpse was propped up on the balcony instead of a solid flesh and blood man. The contrast between the commanding figure of Burnside was most marked, and as we gazed at the two men, sympathy profound welded forth to the great man bearing the burden of a Nation in the throes of war. It was my last look at the martyred President, and I am sure he was no ghastrier in his coffin.

LINCOLN IN PARABLE.

When all have gone who have had speech or touch with Lincoln, will he still be accepted as is Julius Caesar as of the greatest men? When the influence of that touch and that speech has been wholly removed, will Lincoln's greatness still remain? Such was the nature of inquiries recently propounded in a group of thinking men and women, more in anxiety that it might be so, than from any conviction that it would be. The inquiry has forceful answer in Mr. James Ford Rhodes' concluding paragraph to the seventh and last volume of his *History of the United States*. Mr. Rhodes, it will be remembered, is accredited as one of the five American writers of history who have written history with the significant scientific accuracy demanded by modern scholarship. This is Mr. Rhodes' answer to the inquiry: "The United States was a better country in 1877 than the United States was in 1850. For slavery was abolished, the doctrine of secession was dead, and Lincoln's character and fame had become a possession of the Nation." The possession is secure, the title indefeasible with all the muniments that belong to it. It is the title of conquest, a title by purchase, purchased by the blood of four hundred thousand soldier lives; a title by descent, American descent, his descent, wholly and solely an American descent. It is not a marketable title, it cannot be sold, it will not be surrendered; it cannot be transmitted by intestacy, or diverted by devise. It is greater than a fee, a fee is to him and his heirs forever and no man can be heir to a living person. The Nation can have no heirs, it will never die, it will live forever. It is rather a title by doxology, a title of kingdom, of glory, of power forever and forever until time shall be no more. Bear in mind that this National possession of the character and fame of Abraham Lincoln is no passing tribute, no mere plaudit, no resounding epitaph, but with hearing had, cause argued, proofs weighed, the decree is entered and the judgment pronounced by the gravest tribunal known to nations, the high court of scientific historic research. It is the judgment and conclusion of another generation, not of his. This conclusion bears another and unique significance that concurrent with what the country fought to gain, it was worth all a great war cost to secure as a national possession the character and fame of such a man as Lincoln.

JAMES WILLIAM LATTA.

First Lieutenant 119th Penna. Infantry September 1, 1862; Captain March 4, 1864; discharged to accept staff appointment May 19, 1864.

Captain and Assistant Adjutant-General U. S. Volunteers April 20, 1864; honorably mustered out January 20, 1866.

Brevetted Major U. S. Volunteers December 5, 1864, "for gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Winchester, Va., and for his habitual good conduct and deportment on all the battlefields of the campaign before Richmond, Va.;" Lieut.-Colonel April 16, 1865, "for gallant and meritorious services in the cavalry battles of Ebenezer Church, Ala., and Columbus, Ga."

With close analysis and subtle discrimination it seems conclusive that there are no parables except the parables of the New Testament, but Lincoln, with his myth, his allegory, his fable, his proverb, approached them at times as near as can be anywhere found in literature.

PARABLE OF THE FRAMED TIMBERS.

In his Springfield speech on the 16th of June, 1858, before the Republican Convention that placed him in nomination for United States Senator, Lincoln in associating the incidents that led to the then prevailing conviction, that before rendering its decision in the Dred Scott case, the Supreme Court had permitted itself to be compromised by a pre-announcement, adroitly made use of the parable, partially concealing the identity of the principal figures in the drama, Douglass, Pierce, Taney and Buchanan, by using their Christian names only.

"We cannot absolutely know," said Mr. Lincoln, "that all these exact adaptations are the result of preconcert. But when we see a lot of framed timbers, different portions of which we know have been gotten together at different times and places and by different workmen—Stephen, Franklin, Roger and James, for instance—and we see these timbers joined together, and see they exactly make the frame of a house, or a mill, all the tenons and mortises exactly fitting, and all the lengths and proportions of the different pieces exactly adapted to their respective places, and not a piece too many or too few, not omitting even scaffolding—or if a single piece be lacking, we see the place in the frame exactly fitted and prepared yet to bring such piece in—in such a case we find it impossible not to believe that Stephen and Franklin and Roger and James all understood one another from the beginning and all worked upon a common plan or draft drawn up before the first blow was struck."

PARABLE OF THE FOUR HUNDRED.

The Convention that assembled in Cleveland in May of 1864 and nominated John C. Fremont for President and John Cochran for Vice-President gave promise of a large attendance, estimated in the thousands. The movement was supported by men of prominence in the party dissatisfied and disappointed with the conduct of affairs, and their disaffection caused much anxiety. The fears, however, proved groundless, the estimated thousands had materialized only to the number of about four hundred. A close friend of the administration obtaining early information of these unexpected conditions hastened to the White House to impart it. Lincoln thereupon reached for his well thumbed Bible, and opening it at I Samuel XXII 2, read: "and every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented gathered themselves unto him, and he became a captain over them, and there were with him about four hundred men."

A distinguished member of the Philadelphia Bar, in an address on the occasion of the Franklin Bi-Centennary, alluding to the incident where in its assembled presence The French Academy of Science commanded the two philosophers, Voltaire and Franklin, to embrace each other and then hailed them as Sophocles and Solon, wisely said: "Better still might they have greeted him alone as a blended Socrates and Aristotle—literally as great as either—beneficially as to daily wants, more useful than both." And still better yet, is it that on this anniversary night as we so closely approach the

Lincoln first centenary, we are permitted to blend the genius of Franklin with the genius of Lincoln as a rich inheritance of wisdom, philosophy and patriotism beneficially bestowed by each in his respective sphere for man's betterment and the country's good.

Grant, Sherman and Sheridan are sometimes grouped as a glorious military trinity, but Lincoln was the single statesman of his day, the giant personality of his age.

WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE ; WITH CHARITY FOR ALL.

Our country may boast of many of her sons ; point to them and say, "These have done their deeds valiantly ;" nevertheless, however resplendent may have been these deeds, she still justly looks with pride to Washington, and says, "But thou excellest them all."

Grouped around this great and incomparable one are many of the favored sons of our country, of whom the united voice of the civilized world has proclaimed, "These are among the chosen sons of men." In this group stand those who by their discoveries in, and development by, science, have taken the secrets from the storehouse of nature, utilized them for the betterment and pleasure of mankind ; and also those who, with pencil and brush, have taken the forms and colors of nature to refine and beautify civilization. Christianity has her representatives in this wonderful group, who, by their pleading eloquence, have pointed the world to a higher and nobler life.

How brilliantly shine forth the statesmen from the coterie of our country's great ones ! We need look no further than to those who assembled in 1776 and 1783, and from their wisdom, knowledge, patriotism and courage evolved a new system of civil government, which has more nearly compassed perfection of human government than the world has ever known, or publicists, statesmen or philosophers of old ever dreamed of.

All governments of the world have sought and dreamed of glory and conquest by their armies and navies, but our country has developed great officers of army and navy who have never been defeated in finally securing the object for which they fought, and they have never fought for conquest or subjugation, but always for personal liberty and human rights.

The pages of history have been enriched and illuminated by the literature and philosophy of our great ones whose names have been written on the tablets of Fame by the judgment of the world's best critics.

But there stands forth from among all these praised and honored ones of our country one unique, peculiar and characteristic, one who comes like a prophet of old, proclaiming a higher, better and nobler freedom without limitation, except by equal and just laws, proclaiming the slave and bondsman

MOSES VEALE.

Second Lieutenant 109th Penna. Infantry February 20, 1862 ; Captain May 1, 1863 ; Major May 4, 1864 ; transferred to 111th Penna. Infantry March 31, 1865 ; honorably mustered out June 8, 1865.

Brevetted Major U. S. Volunteers March 13, 1865, "for gallant and meritorious services during the recent campaign in Georgia and the Carolinas."

Awarded the "Medal of Honor" under resolution of Congress "for gallantry in action, manifesting throughout the engagement coolness, zeal, judgment and courage at the battle of Wauhatchie, Tenn., October 28, 1863."

free, the love and sympathy of whose great heart seemed to beat in harmony and unison with the will of the Divine One.

See this prophetic figure standing upon the sacred field of Gettysburg, beholding visions of his country advancing rapidly to destinies beyond the view of his own generation ; beyond, indeed, the imagination or conception of ordinary human intellect, and at the same time forecasting his own destiny and fate. In view of all this, knowing that his country's enemies would destroy this great advancing destiny, and with their hatred, malice and uncharitableness, would consign his memory to eternal infamy—in view of all this, he could utter those immortal words, "With malice toward none ; with charity for all," pregnant with the spirit of that other cry which came from the Holy Mount centuries ago, "Father, forgive them ; for they know not what they do." How strange, how very strange, that any arm could have been found directed against the incarnate life of such a spirit as this ! And stranger still it is that the united voice of the civilized world was not raised in execration of the cause which could produce such a result !

To illustrate the nobility, kindness and gentleness of this great heart—for to reach his ear with a story of sadness and trouble was to reach his heart, and to be compelled to refuse a favor was to give him sadness—I remember a case of the Colonel of an eastern regiment who had his wife with him a distance south of Washington, and by an accident his wife was killed. At that time no one was permitted to visit Washington without a permit from the Secretary of War. The Colonel obtained the permit and visited Washington, and went to the Secretary of War to obtain a permit to take the body of his wife to his home for burial. The Secretary refused, and the poor Colonel's heart was almost broken. He determined to apply to the President, who was staying at the Soldiers' Home. He arrived at the Soldiers' Home and saw the President, who seemed disturbed in mind by some adverse news. The Colonel made his application, and the President replied, "This is the business of the Secretary of War." "Yes, Mr. President, I have seen the Secretary, and he has refused." The President said, "Sadness is the common heritage of us all, and we must all take our share."

The Colonel, with unspeakable sadness, returned to Washington. The next morning, very early, a knock came upon his bedroom door, and there stood the President of the United States. The Colonel was amazed. The President said, "Colonel, yesterday I was harsh and unkind to you, and have been unable all night to sleep ; come with me." They went to the Secretary of War, obtained the permit, and the Colonel took the body of his dear wife to the hillside of their country home for burial.

That kind and gentle soul could not rest because he thought he had done an unkindness.

Upon the arrival of Sherman's Army at Raleigh, N. C., I received an order from General Slocum to return to Savannah, Georgia, by way of New York, and forward all troops remaining in Savannah belonging to the Army of Georgia to headquarters of the Army of Georgia. On the day the steamer was to sail for Savannah, I went to the breakfast table early. A gentleman sitting at the table said to me, "The President has been assassinated !" I understood the words but could not realize the import, and asked him what he had said. He repeated it, and still I could not comprehend. I immediately left the table,

bought a newspaper, read the dispatches, and still could not believe. I went into the street and saw men standing in groups, seeming to converse in whispers. There was no great outbreak of passion or anger; his great spirit of "charity for all" seemed to pervade all loyal hearts. When the last great act came, and the head of the conspiracy was in the hands of the Government, no cry of vengeance was heard, but the spirit of the great President's words, "With malice toward none; with charity for all," found a response in all hearts throughout the land. And his spirit still hovers over our land, commanding peace, peace. And we will all, with loving hope and faith pray that when his life's fitful fever ended, and he left the bosom of his Mother Earth, he went to the arms of his Father, God.

LINCOLN AND THE PEOPLE.

A notable contribution to Lincoln literature has been made during the last year by Alonzo Rothschild in "Lincoln, Master of Men—a study in character."

Not the least interesting thing about it is the portrait frontispiece, which is evidently a reproduction of the Brady untouched negative, which is a striking and faithful likeness of the great Emancipator. The various reproductions of this untouched negative give the only adequate representation of Lincoln's personality which I have ever seen.

The book is a striking and, in many respects, picturesque presentation of the manner in which Lincoln dominated his fellow men, and of his complete mastery of those who set themselves against and attempted to dominate him. From the physical mastery of Jack Armstrong, the bully of Clary's Grove, until at his deathbed, it is said: "Among all the public men in the sorrowing company, no grief was keener than that of his iron war minister. None of them had tested, as had Edwin M. Stanton, the extraordinary resources of the stricken chief. It was fitting, therefore, that he, 'as passed the strong, heroic soul away,' should pronounce its eulogy—'There lies the most perfect ruler of men the world has ever seen.'"

The book recounts, in a most graphic way, how in debate at the leading tribunals, in cabinet council and in correspondence with generals on the field, he easily dominated the master minds which presumed to dispute with him the mastery, or to test the supremacy of his power. Stanton's tribute was as true as it was sincere. Why the most perfect ruler of men the world had ever seen? Because he was the perfect ruler of himself. "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

The dedication of this book is significant: "To the memory of my father, John Rothschild, one of the plain people who believed in Lincoln." Why this belief of the plain people in Lincoln? Because Lincoln believed in the plain people. He was one of them. He knew them intimately and was able to interpret their thoughts, their motives, their aspirations and their aims, and had absolute faith in their integrity of purpose and in the safety and saneness of their ultimate conclusions.

Lincoln was a man of keen vision, of almost prophet's ken. He penetrated almost intuitively the thin veneer of patriotism which often covered pelf. He was not deceived by the wretched shams and pretexts behind which men, under the pretense of serving their country, sought to serve themselves. Probably no man who ever lived was called upon to see, in all its naked deformity, the utter selfishness of self than he, and yet, notwithstanding it all,

JAMES ADDAMS BEAVER.

First Lieutenant 2d Penna. Infantry April 21, 1861; honorably mustered out July 22, 1861.

Lieut.-Colonel 45th Penna. Infantry October 21, 1861; discharged for promotion September 4, 1862.

Colonel 148th Penna. Infantry September 8, 1862; honorably discharged for disability from wounds received in battle December 22, 1864.

Brevetted Brig.-General U. S. Volunteers August 1, 1864, "for highly meritorious and distinguished conduct throughout the campaign, particularly for valuable services at Cold Harbor while commanding a brigade."

he believed, and rightly believed, that in the main and on the average, the plain people wanted to be, intended to be, and were, right. With him, the old adage "*Vox populi, vox Dei*," expressed an absolute and unqualified truth. In his belief in it is to be found the motives which influenced and the power which controlled, in meeting the overwhelming responsibilities and cares, and in discharging the unparalleled duties which devolved upon him.

Master of men? Yes. Master of himself? Yes. Why master? Because he was ready to follow the only masters whom he recognized, and subjected himself to the will of those whom he regarded as his superiors, and who, so far as he was concerned, were omnipotent—Almighty God and the American people—and he saw clearly the will of the former through the voice of the latter.

Leader? Yes. Follower? Yes. Paradoxical as it may seem, he was both, but he followed at the head of the procession. This was his rightful place. How well he filled it meets more and more the recognition of the people of all classes whom he led out into the large place which we now occupy as a nation.

Lincoln, with his trained reasoning faculties, reached conclusions which were far in advance of the general thought of the people, but logical conclusions are based upon premises and with Lincoln these premises were the immutable principles of right lodged in the minds of the common people which were logically and inevitably bound to issue in the conclusions which he had already reached; hence, in thought, in speech, in the discussion of great fundamental principles, Lincoln was a radical; and yet, in administration, in the discharge of executive duties, where he was called upon to act for others, he was a conservative. Whilst he could see clearly and believe with all his heart, and could, therefore, announce bravely that a house divided against itself could not stand, and must inevitably fall, he was, nevertheless, ready, when the duty devolved upon him, to make the supreme effort to save that house, notwithstanding its divisions, and to save it, with or without the divisive elements, as might seem best at the time. There is, therefore, no necessary moral antagonism between his position in the Douglass debates and his Cooper Union speech, in assuming the former position as a theoretical statement of practical truth, and in his letter to Horace Greeley, announcing the latter, because in the one case he was expressing an individual opinion as an individual citizen leading the thought of his fellows, and, in the other, he was a sworn executive, intent only upon obeying the will of the people as he saw it. In the discussion of principles, he could be a radical of the radicals, because of his belief in the fundamental truths under discussion, and yet in administration he could be a conservative of the conservatives, because of his absolute faith in the people and his belief that in the working out of the principles the people would finally reach righteous conclusions, and in that faith he was ready to go with them only so fast and so far as they indicated their belief, by their general thought finding ultimate expression in their ballots. He could say to radicals like Greeley and Chase and Stevens, and others of like fiery temper and spirit, "Yes, you are theoretically right, but practically wrong. If I am to lead these people I must not separate myself from them. Whatever my individual thoughts may be, whatever the logical conclusions of my mind, based upon the premises which I admit to be sound and true, nevertheless I

must not separate myself from the people. If I am to lead, I must stay with the procession."

Herein, we take it, is to be found the strength of Lincoln's character as a man and his power as a ruler. The truth might be crystal clear to his keen vision, as abstract truth, and yet it was not to be put into practice until the people should come to see it in its clearness.

Oh! the patience of the man, the patience almost infinite! The patience which could wait; which, notwithstanding the clearness of his own vision, could restrain self and apparently sacrifice for the time the great principles which made for truth and righteousness, until the slow but sure thought of the people led to the point where the majority at least could unite in putting into practice the abstract truths so long held and clearly seen.

"Lincoln embodied to the mind of the people two great issues that were really only one—the preservation of the American Union and the abolition of slavery. At the root of both there lay a moral principle, and both appealed with overwhelming force to sentiment. They were so plain, so vividly defined that no sophistry could obscure them, no shrewd debater reason them away. And so, back of the supercilious politicians at the Capital were the masses of the people, their eyes fixed with pathetic faith and loyalty upon that tall, gaunt, stooping, homely man, who to their minds meant everything that makes a cause worth dying for."

Compliments

Mr. William H. Lambert.

